



Mrs J L Woods
Glenwood
Iowa

From Phelps
June 1960 Lucas
05980 Attn:
Java Co.

Dear Carrie & all - I know you
must think I've forgotten you but
I havent - Had to get two papers in
Shakespeare in and had a history
exam! I would have written
Sunday but didn't feel good - We had
a fight with Jane - The way it was
the other roomer she put Mike's rug & valance for
his curtains in our room - they
are shabby - and she didn't ask
if we liked it or any thing - She
did this Saturday - Well Sunday I
felt so funny & not that I cared
about the rug but that I thought she
just wanted to insult us - We
got ready for church & didn't come
down all morning - When we
started to church & she came up
to us her eyes blaying & said
"What the ~~matter~~ with you kids
you act so stuck up" I said
nothing - She said I know you're
mad at because I changed
your rug but as I told Glenn
you don't own it - I didn't say
it was just left the house - We
were paid up for 2 weeks so
we had to stay longer so when
we came home I went to her
and said - Jane I think it's a
shame to let a rug come between
our friendship - We have
always been such good friends
well her eyes filled up & she
said she didn't mean to offend
she put our rug back & us
making new valances for us

She is just flighty - I hate to move
but M. insists as he just hates
her - I think she is just ignorant &
feels like we try to bring her
Altho we sure treat her kindly -

My exams are over and
I feel light as a feather - We
register Sat. for the second 5 weeks
I can hardly wait for it to pass
so I can be home - We talked to
Mr Spencer last night he said

Bill would make a good basket
ball player some time - Sure like
to hear the news about Bill ~~now~~
Hope he gets along OK with Glenn
etc. And with this sitting
on a couch ~~and~~ beside Flora
McSweeney she has a terrible
headache - we have become
great friends. Yes Mama I got
your letter telling about

Grandma being with you
but got it long after I sent hers.
Am going to get something for her
birthday don't know what though -
We are getting low on clothes are
going to pack the quick pack to -
you are glad to hear you are getting
with Carrie - hope to send the pack
when you are so busy - We have
been washing out odds & ends
in the bowl - My dark dresser
are a boor don't have to be washed.

There isn't much to tell it
seems but if I was home could
talk enough. - Am sending Dear
something in the Quick Pack - Wanted
you to see it - so you can give it
to him - It's quite crude but I
improve with practice.

It

Got a nice letter from Midge - she surely
is "the dog". There isn't she - I'm so glad
as she always wanted to be that way.

Tell Marian it might be such a
thing as Jane wouldn't do her center
piece she knows I have it but
hasn't mentioned it - I'll wait and
see. In five weeks we'll be
home for a month - I'm not going
a single place - I haven't written to
Ferne or Mayie - I think it was
sort of up to Mayie to write don't you?
It's just impossible for me to keep up
a correspondence with any one
though except my family as there
isn't anything I can write that
they would be interested in.

Maurice is surely looking well
I must write to grandura Phelps
& tell her. Westie was sittin in
at your table to night having fed
devel - I guess I'll always get homesick

spells. The other day our Shakespear teacher ~~began~~ said something about
box seat in a theater and immediately
my mind went to the time Eula, Dean & M+I
sat in the one at Glenwood. I nearly
cried in class I could just see Eula
sitting there - my if she only was
back I guess we would all take
her to every show she wanted to
see wouldn't we?

Well this is enough of this
rambling - hope you can read
it - Oh yes - a girl friend of mine
(Mr Jessups girl) gave M+I comp-
tickets to the Robertson Circus - They
had tickets & they went home so she
gave em to us. It surely was fun.
the last time I went with Papa
- Eula & I - & Midge stayed home

do you remember

this is that lots of love to all
poem by Edna St Vincent Millay June
EB.

I know what my heart is like
since my love died
It is like a hollow ledge
holding a little pool left there by the tide,
a little rapid pool
drying inward from the edges.